Table of Contents

1. !!
2. 1 • Unang Kabanata • 1
3. 2 • 第二章 • 2
4. 3 • Bab Tiga • 3
5. 4 • บทที่สี่ • 4
6. 5 • Chapter Five • 5
7. 6 • Bab Enam • 6
8. 7 • အခန်းခုနှစ် • 7
9. 8 • ជំពូកទីប្រាំបី • 8
10. 9• บ๊ดหิเภ๊า • 9
11. 10 • Chương Mười • 10
12. 11 • Bab Sewelas • 11
13. 12 • Kapitulo Dose • 12
14. (update) well well well.....
15. moving to ao3

‼️

-- Not everything stated in this book is historically accurate. I try to keep it accurate, but there's obviously some work of fiction floating around the book. This is only based off the happenings around the decade 2000's.

-- No harm is intended to the countries and the organization itself. This is meant for edutainment purposes only.

-- Each chapter contains about 1000-2500 words. Prepare to r e a d . Don't complain if it's too long because you're on Wattpad please 🥺

Please take note that this book goes in deeper into personal feelings and a bit of swearing. **The recommended age range for this book is 13 years of age and above.** Please check story tags for more details and key words for you to look out on.

This book is actually an energizer for me to continue one of my fanfics, since I was at that time at one of my down points regarding my internet persona while writing it, so topics here goes a little deeper. Don't worry, everything is now okay!

Thank you so much for the continuous (yet quiet) support, and I hope you should stick by and enjoy! <3

- Axy ✧

1 • Unang Kabanata • 1

"Singapore."

The female country stated, looking at the city-state on front of her by the table. Her flag having a patter of horizonal lines of red-white-blue-white-red colors and wearing some sort of headrests related to jewelry. Thailand, she laid her palm flat on the surface, feeling the smoothness of the paper, then picking up the black pen on the other. Her eyes made contact to Singapore, which was fairly nervous because of her tone on her voice.

"Since Sri Lanka isn't here to-you know, *come*... We decided what's best to cover up the other blank is for you to sign it... Are you okay with it?"

The country paused for a little, looking at the paper that the country placed on front of him. He doesn't really have a choice, does he?

He looked at Malaysia, that one country he used to be apart of. Malaysia seemed to be rooting for him to sign, even if they had their differences just about two years ago.

He looked back at the country and nodded, and Thailand passed the pen to Singapore on the table. Indonesia was looking from afar to avoid conflict and the Philippines somehow just came walking by to Thailand's back. The room's tension became bigger every second but somehow it was pretty peaceful.

He held the pen tight and started to to scan the 2-page document, then finally getting to the bottom of the page. Below the "signed by:", a bunch of signatures has been printed on it already-he was the last one.

After a moment of consideration, he finally placed the pen on the paper, writing his own name and signature.

"Welcome to the-"

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

"Nonono- nO!-"

A country with a triangular white eyepatch on his left eye fell onto the floor with a bunch of papers falling around him.

"For the third time today, will you all please the sign?" The organization scolded, being half sarcastic and serious in his own tone. He looked at the yellow sign placed on the floor that said "*CAUTION; Wet floor*".

"I'm sorry ASEAN!-" the country pleaded, picking up the papers that fell during his slip.

The organization pulled down his tablet wherein he was reading some text from and looked over. "No- it's okay!" he responded, then standing up and helping the country clean up the papers, which gladly none of them actually got wet... Maybe only about two, but nothing else.

While picking up the papers, ASEAN took a glimpse of it's context... He picks one up and quite immediately, the other took off the paper from the other. He immediately reacted.

"Wha- Phil?!"

"*We* didn't want you to know what's on here! Don't worry, I should just pick them up myself," the country chuckled, and picked up the papers afterwards.

The organization crossed his arms. "Oh *now* you're going to be secretive around me. What's this all about, declaration of war or something?! Come on, just fill me up. It's not like a birthday gift,

right?! It's last month!"

"It's a surprise, ASEAN. It's not like we're telling you immediately," the Filipino responded, picking up the last sheets of papers on the ground, which sadly about 4 were actually wet. "Besides, Christmas is coming anyways. We're at the *-ber* months."

"And you think everyone else in the world celebrates that apart from you? You literally celebrate the longest Christmas," he sighed quite afterwards, filling the silence of the room with quite a frown.

The country took notice of the sudden emotion and asked, "Is something wrong?"

"No, not really. I'm just.., *out* of what you are all doing nowadays, I guess."

Unknowingly what to do, the Philippines decided to lighten up the mood after the sudden mood swing. "I mean, we do have *two* surprises for the organization behind your back... Go figure it out."

His eyes widen. "Wh- *WHAT*."

"Well... If you continue to act like that then I don't think it's going to happen."

"Where exactly did the agreement of *'We should tell each other about the future of the organization together'* go?" ASEAN muttered. "Though, it might be a good surprise if you did hide it, but *still*."

"I'm technically allowed to tell one of them," Phil winked as he arranges the papers. "But really, if I tell it then... You wouldn't be surprised."

"Just tell it. If its that important and loose," he ordered with a friendly smile.

"Ok- okay, I will," the country responded, then handing over a document to the other. "Just read this and look at it for yourself."

The organization chuckled and grabbed the paper, starting to read what was written on it.

At the first part, it was the casual "Association of Southeast Asian Nations" logo and the address and whatnot, but what caught his eyes was the title.

ASEAN Admission for Observer in the UN.

His eyes widen, "You're joking."

"I mean, surprise?" Phil said. "I know you wanted to be part of it for a while, since everything changed when you turned 30 almost a decade ago, its best if we should..."

"You have no idea how much I wanted to take part on this."

"...I'll take that as a compliment."

In sheer happiness, the organization stared at the country, and embraced him with a really warm hug.

Shocked, the country was. But he didn't want to ruin the moment as he hugged back gently. However, shortly pulled out and immediately stated, "Well, I need to better get going because Singapore needed these ASAP!"

"Sure, yeah!" The organization responded. "See you in a bit, *kuya* Phil!"

The other winked, and exited the lounge area as the other waved while finally standing up. His smile faded as they left however, then pulling up the United Nations Admission document.

He was... Glad. Glad he had reached here.

Right, right.

But... This just feels sudden for him now that he think of it.

He has known that there are most likely United Nation agents actually stalking him ever since he became an organization, that's literally a think that organization is known for. The UN looks after everyone, including other organizations, chances are that they knows how he acted.

He had met other organizations in the past and they felt... Different. For instance, EU was really different attitude-wise the first time he met him. He was bitter at first, but as soon as he got to know him it came to realization he's such a professional in literally everything. He can say the same for SAARC, except she's more of a "miss perfect" of Asia. EAEU was also grown up to manage everything well and talk to everyone very professionally. He's definitely not on one of those bullet points.

Pffsh, who cares? He's like one in a how-many-organisations-are-out-there. Whatever happens then it's really up to him.. to... face....

"Goddammit."

2・第二章・2

"Yeah, he did... If I'm being honest, then I'm pretty neck-in-neck with excitement and nervousness," the organization spoke though the flip phone.

A mutter through the other line later, he started speaking again sarcastically. "Yeah, *sure*. If and only if I-well somehow got a hold of yours. I'm pretty- uhm- *unsurprised* you got it early."

In the middle of the other line responding, he heard a "beep beep" noise coming through the device. Great, low battery. He then began to speak again.

"Erm, yeah... Phone's in low battery. Mind if I hang up?"

As soon as he said that to the other line, someone started knocking on his office door. His eyes widen and immediately attempted to end the call. "Please give me a moment... Okay bye- thanks, *Euro*!"

ASEAN cuts the line off, immediately shutting the flip phone and sliding it on the table. His tone started to become more serious as he said, "Come in."

The doorknob twitched and the door opens, and revealed to be on of his members at the doorstep. Red and white flag with a crescent and 5 stars as part of a halo. After recognizing the country-state wearing a classic polo shirt, the organization then asked, "How may I help you exactly, Singapore?"

"Just informing you that Malaysia and Indonesia accidentally broke one of the vases downstairs, other than that, it's more of a checkup," the country responded.

The organization sighed. "Yeah, everyone destroying at least one thing not really as much a surprise anymore. This happens almost every week now... What are you checking up on anyway?"

"*You*..? What else should I be checking up on in this situation? The weather? I'm not a weatherman or whatever they're actually called, lah."

"Okay, you can stay and check up on - yeah okay," he muttered. "I literally haven't done much today ever since Phil told me."

"Oh right, yeah he told me he did tell you about the United Nations... thing," the Singaporean stated. "I mean... Do you like it? Knowing you for a while now, it might be a hard situation for you since... You know..."

"Yeah... But like, I really don't know if I can handle that much of a responsibility, if I don't respond to it by then it will be gone," the organization muttered, but suddenly his voice started to get higher. "However, if I get accepted then it's going to be huge for me! I- I just didn't want to be known everywhere as this person who is just a face of a region..! The opportunity is good, but I don't know if it's worth it."

The country's expression instantly turned into a worry. Although Singapore has experienced something similar to his life before, also known as that one time he got kicked out of the you-probably-know-what-federation forcing him to grow up quickly, he hasn't learned how to calm the organization down in certain situations (because Thailand is mostly there 24/7, she's pretty much the therapist of the group). Other than that, really? It's not a rare occurrence for him for literally anyone to break down like this.

He sighed. "He chose you for a reason, if h-"

"You're saying this is something the UN chose me to do?"

Singapore froze in confusion. "...Yeah?- How did you not know that?"

"I'm..- okay," ASEAN shook his head and went back on topic. "The thing is, I don't really like to leave anyone behind, you know what happened to ASA and Maphilindo and SEATO- I'm just... Yeah maybe I'm just overreacting."

"Everything's going to be okay, and I'm sure of it," the country-state smiled. "I've met the UN face-to-face before, he's a pretty nice guy."

"*Oh really?* Aren't you the exact same Southeast Asian country who broke a UN law and triggered him?" ASEAN sarcastically remarked, and chuckled at the end of it.

"*Alamak,* shut up," Singapore complained and groaned, as he slammed his fist by the desk. "Okay, okay! But like, honestly..."-The country paused for a brief moment, and eventually continued-"I think you've done a lot for us over the years, without any interaction to the world further than all 10 of us had told you. This is a chance for you to explore what's rest of the world out there. We already trusted you to come forwards for us, I think we can handle it together."

"What about you all? What do you think you would handle your own independency to the UN and now dealing with the ASEAN one?" He asked, as he started to get even more worried on the huge step he's going through.

"We're going to be okay! Well, he did give you the opportunity for a reason of knowing we can balance it and our own personal circle," he commented as a response.

Eventually after realizing, he started to calm down and goes back to leaning his back on the chair. Still looking like he's going to be *extremely* stressed in the next couple of days, but god. He was like this all of the time for the past how-many-years already. This thing's a little rubbish.

As the two's eyes meet in contact again, Singapore just gave out a reassuring smile. But then again, ASEAN shakes his head and asked, "Wait, why the papers then?"

"You fu- this is *business* we're talking about lah."

"You're saying that this is outside the social thing?"

"*Yes*!"

"This is a thousand times worse," he groaned, slamming his head

and arms on the desk.

The bi-colored country muttered something within the lines of "You're too inconsistent" and eventually came on and comfort the other again, finally sitting down on the chair on front of the other's desk.

"You should've just prepared yourself for this to happen sooner, you're almost fifty lah."

He could hear a little mumble from the organization-"And you think I have the brains to do that?"

"Yea- No?- Ugh- *You're being so dramatic*," he complained with a half-British accent, and eventually moved closer. "Just like- you know, everything's going to be okay and I assure that to you. The UN's job is to unite for goodness sake- you can just blame this all on me if it doesn't go well. [[my]] Reputation with him is terrible."

About a few seconds of silence later, the other one finally spoke properly. "Fine! Fine!" ASEAN stated, going back to maintaining eye contact with the other and sitting back up properly. "*You're* to blame if this doesn't go well."

"That's what I said."

"Yeah..." he stated, bowing his head down with his energy fading away.

The country noticed his expression and stood up. "What's wrong?"

"I'm just..- look okay," he maintained eye contact with the country once more. "It's just- do you think he's going to question..?"

"Question?"

There wasn't really any clarification from the organization after that, as he just remained silent. Singapore just looked at him worriedly and just upbeatedly confirmed, "There's nothing wrong with this. If he thinks of you in another way you don't like, then it's okay lah."

"...he's a *world organization*."

"And..?"

ASEAN froze and shook his head a few seconds later. "Okay fine, I don't think there's *anything* wrong with that," he half-sarcastically remarked.

"See?"

"I'm blaming the rest of you if this doesn't go well."

"Okay!"

"And I'll be sacrificing you."

"Sure!" Singapore crossed his arms with the most upbeat emotion he can express, but immediately realized what he said afterwards. "Wait- what?! No!"

The organization giggled. "Don't take that back."

"Everyone here is literally going to be the death of me," the bi-colored country deadpanned, in which the Asian was left in a lighthearted laugh.

3 • Bab Tiga • 3

[text in brackets are conversations that are in Bahasa Indonesia]

About a few weeks had passed, and it was just the casual routine all over again. However, this day feels different even if his plans today are the same as yesterday's and the day before. Despite this strange feeling, almost the exact thing happens every morning happens around this household, and today wasn't an exception.

BANG!!!

"[WEST JAVA BRING IT BACK!]"

"[Come and get it!]"

"[Ugh, why do I have to deal with all of you!?]"

The organization got startled by the noise outside his room. At least he didn't get waken up by the provinces at midnight, that would be a total nightmare. He would like to join in, if he is being fully honest, but- this early? It's like 5 in the morning and yet there is already chaos in this house... As usual.

He isn't blaming them though! He liked talking to them, especially Jakarta, and Indonesia, the person whom both of his past life hated, actually gave him a possibly-permanent room in this place in which he struggled to find back then. He just seriously need them to grow up-ish, that's all. He really isn't into provinces and states as much, so he might be wrong about them most of the time.

At least this lot has been divided to, seven regions? Yeah, it was seven. Seven different buildings, but Indonesia decided to give him a place in the main one, and in fact the noisiest one. Not blaming once again since it was the biggest one out of them all, and the most busiest.

He attempted to sleep again, this time with a pillow over his head. But he didn't feel like sleeping anymore, since he felt like today was different. After struggling to sleep for the next five minutes, he just gives up and sat up, putting on his thick, blocky glasses and checked on his keypad phone first.

There wasn't really interesting happening with his notifications, so he checked over his messages and immediately into Indonesia's contact. He eventually messaged:

you up? | >

He just sighed, knowing that he wouldn't be up right now. He didn't think that Indonesia would be the one to wake up this early unless woken up unintentionally. After a few minutes, he got a message back from the country.

< | No.

@_@ | >

< | [Go to sleep.]

[They're outside my room] | >

< | Ah.

He puts his phone down for a bit and stood up, peeking at the door. It seemed like the hallways were already lit up, someone must've been in the main living room already. He had also noticed some crumbs of chips on the floor, in which gave him an idea what to do right now. He looked back at the phone and eventually texted the other.

[I'll just cook] | >

< | K

He shuts the door loudly on accident and eventually went back inside the room to set himself up for today.

Before doing so however, a bunch of provinces seemed to have

known that he's awake due to him slamming the door. They eventually called it out, with him responding.

"Paman Sea-an?"

"[*I'm not here!*]"

It was now about nine in the morning, and already exhaustedly tired. A few were actually helping him fix up breakfast for this big of a household thankfully. Didn't think cooking for about 36 people, minus a few since they have their own place now, would take years, even if he had already tried cooking for them a bunch of times in the past.

Indonesia already warned the provinces not to run around the house again during breakfast, in which ASEAN thankfully overheard. Apparently they were about to steal stuff in his room which already happened with the rest of the provinces in the house. For goodness sake, this house is huge as heck-and the main people he can think of that aren't messing around as much were Jakarta and possibly Yogyakarta. The rest is always onto flames, which sounds extremely similar to his situation with his own countries in the organization. Minus the fact that he sometimes gets involved into fuelling the fire, and Indonesia is involved more.

Right now, he's just there by the couch of one of the buildings (or houses) and reading one of the books on his shelf back upstairs in his room. The house was three-quartered empty since some has gone off to work, while the kids were off to the nearby playground from here, and some are at school. This was actually a perfect opportunity for him to have an alone time on his own, or actually communicate with others in the house in which he didn't like to do that right now.

Indonesia, who was wearing his crimson shirt, walks in the room and peeks over the book ASEAN was reading, in which he immediately realizes and shuts the book off, looking at him. Realizing it was the country, he immediately stated, "Don't you dare scare me like that again."

"Can't promise," the other shrugged, but eventually looked over. "[Do you have a moment?] We need groceries and everyone isn't available, [or they're just stupidly lazy]."

"[I wouldn't mind!]" he stated using Indonesian, in a bit of a jovial mood. "[Can I see the list?]"

"[Yeah, here,]" he stated, handing over the paper and some cash. "[If there isn't any stock on at least one of these at the store then just tell me or Jakarta- or we would get really confused. It isn't that much.]"

The organization grabbed the paper and money off of the country and scanned through, immediately having attention to some of these-apparently needs about 20 apples in this house. He looked back at the country with a deadpan, "[You're joking.]"

"[I'm not, this is literally lesser than what we usually order from the store,]" Indonesia stated, placing his left arm across the couch. "[At least this universe let us have the provinces buy most of their personal belongings on their own without asking us... Oh and the 'few sacks of rice' is being ordered by East Kali, so you don't need to buy that.]"

"As long as you don't make me order that, then I'm down," he stated back in English. "[Deadline for me to get this done?]"

"[None.]"

"[That seems fair, honestly.]"

"Yeah, [just be here by afternoon. Do you have to go back at the office today?]"

The organization stood up and folded the paper into four. "[No, nothing interesting popping up right this moment.]"

"[Well then,] I think that's all I can think of. Honestly, this feels weird directing to you," Indonesia stated as honest as possible.

ASEAN just smiled at him. "You can do this anytime, just don't make me want to do something over the top."

"Like..?"

"You'll figure it out," he stated, and eventually stood up, holding the book he was reading. "I'll just go do this now so I can rest later."

"Alright, [see you later,]" the country smiled at him, and eventually leaving the room as soon as the organization did.

As ASEAN steps outside the who-knows-how-big-of-a-house, he would eventually spot a glimpse of light flashing surrounding him for a moment. Thinking it was nothing, he moved on.

WOO DEMO IS OVER

hi!! what do you think of me inserting provinces in this universe?? it would make sense to insert them lol even if it adds to the stress bahahaha

if you have any suggestions for future chapters and stories or hcs then feel free to comment below! this is the first time ive ever actually opened my hcs out on wattpad apart from the oneshots book so i would really love to hear feedback and questions about it :D

have a nice day!!

4 • บทที่สี่ • 4

06.23.22 A/N: I'm actually sick and I can't write, luckily I made about 10 chapters prior to this. Expect quick-ish updates! :D

There's going to be a part of this book where you choose where you want to go, but I decided for it to be sooner as you will know the context. Enjoy ASEAN's suffering! /hj

---

Going shopping by the morning feels a little twisted for ASEAN, but it was a positive feeling. He haven't done this in a while, so might as well drop by.

He would occasionally look back and forth at the list to check if he had missed anything on the cart. Indonesia wasn't lying when he said it was less that they were supposed to buy—some of these items just seems like it needs about 1-2 pieces or bottles of, wonder what would he do with it.

He's just nervous if he had to do those checkouts where you have to talk to a cashier—screw it, he *is* going to talk to the cashier. If the cashier is questioning why he is getting this many apples and noodles, he's going to ignore it.

Which by the way, he was surprised by how much packs of specific brand of noodles he needed to buy, and noticed that there's a lot of people who wanted to buy instant noodles lately. He had also noticed that Phil's provinces has been also calling dibs over another brand of noodles. He personally tried both what noodle brand Indo's and Phil's provinces ate and he doesn't really get the appeal on both of them. The only obsession over food he actually finds interesting was Malaysia's state's chocolate drink obsession, which he still drank the same brand until this day, and *isn't* noodles.

He was just wearing a casual white printed shirt with a light brown jacket and pants, walking around the grocery. The reason of his

clothing isn't because he was cold, the sky is just a little foggy today. Makes sense considering that it's rainy season, but that meant for him to experience temperature changes.

"*Kopi..*?" he read on the list. Obviously translated in English as "coffee", apparently they needed two medium-sized packs of a specific brand. They could've just written the large one since it's basically two times more than the medium, but he's not going to question the list or he'll probably get kicked out of the house.

He rolled his cart around an aisle and finds for the brand of coffee it was listed on the paper. However, a sudden force, or a *bam,* hits his own cart. He noticed it and looked at the direction of the crash.

"I'm sorry!" the female responded—but her expression began to go a little realization as soon as she noticed who he was. "Oh, Sea!"

"Hi Thailand!" he excitedly greeted, recognizing the other by just a glimpse. "Don't worry about it, you didn't really hurt me."

"Thanks! I just came looking for cocoa. I didn't know you'd be the type of person to go here," she stated, putting her shopping basket on an empty wheeler beside them.

"Yeah, Indo's kinda busy so I'd thought to return the favor," ASEAN shrugged, before looking at the shelf then back at the country. "Also I'm pretty sure cocoa should be at the beans section or whatever."

"Couldn't find any there, or they're probably just out of stock," she sighed. "I kinda need this for the UN, too."

His eyes widened. "The UN? What do you need it for?"

"Activities. He's also around the store right now, you you kind of have to be careful," Thai stated, eventually looking around once more. "I think he's looking for the same stuff-"

"*Thailand..?*"

Another voice was heard by the end of the aisle, in which ASEAN immediately recognized as well but immediately looked away. Good heavens, speaking of the United Nations, *there he is.*

Unknown to him why, but the United Nations was wearing a white sweater and some jeans—ASEAN already feels a little hot in this jacket and it's probably going to be the same for him, but that's really besides the point he's worrying. Gosh, *the formality he's going to do to face him.*

The country got startled however and started to speak in a nervous tone, "Hi sir- again."

"Oh and, is that the Southeast Asian organization you're talking about?" The United Nations asked. This just made ASEAN even more socially anxious in this situation, because of the way he recognized him—it felt even more messier in his head than describing it.

Thailand nodded and gave the Asian a little nodge for him to respond, which made him sigh to help cure the anxiety away. He looked at the other and waved, "Yes! Good morning, United Nations."

'Dear goodness, I sound so awkward.'

"Ah! Nice to finally meet you, well considering the situation we're currently in. To be fair, I did not intend to see you as early as now," the older stated, walking closer to them. "Did you find the beans, Thailand?"

"I don't think there's any stock here, so I couldn't find any," she responded politely. "Maybe we should use an alternative for this activity?"

"We couldn't, it wouldn't work without them. This is strange considering that it's currently it's harvest season," he replied. "Well, might as well cancel this as soon as there are some finally available."

ASEAN just decided to ignore the conversation a little bit and find for the brand he was looking for. It turns out it was just beside him, he annoyingly groaned and placed two packs on the cart.

If he've seen this further, then he would avoid him interacting to

the UN.

He looked back at the two, but now a little lost in their conversation. He looked over the list and noticed the last thing he needed was just a pack of powdered milk and he's out of here. He could just be extremely naughty and leave without hesitation, but that would literally give a really bad expression for the world organization across the aisle. However, he was caught into attention to barge in the conversation again.

"ASEAN?" the global organization called, in which got his attention. "I hope that whatever happens, the ceremony would go well by December. You were already told about what was happening, right?"

"Yeah, the Philippines told me," he stated, finally calmer from what he was a few minutes ago. He started to freak out once more as soon as he noticed he used a slang.

"At least I finally got to meet you, much better if it's behind the scenes," he stated. "From what I've been told, you don't really like going onto the spotlight, so it's nice to see you around without it."

ASEAN just smiled and nodded in response. Thailand then commented, "He's a little speechless, sorry about that."

"I know, and it's fine. As long as you know how it feels like around my presence—you'll get used to it," he stated happily with a lighthearted note, in which the other organization still makes it feels like a stage show.

"That's alright, what would be the next activity, sir?" she asked, dodging to the next topic.

"Still unsure, thought we'd do a little break after this," he shrugged. "Oh, ASEAN, do you have a ride back? We can let you in."

This right here, feels like the beginning of his suffering.

He can't possibly end this conversation there with a no? Or maybe he could? He's just into a lot of questioning at this moment.

He looked back at the organization and as casual as possible responded, "Sure, I used a bus going here anyway."

"Ah, that makes sense! Thailand, do you also need a ride back?"

"If Sea's- err- ASEAN's okay with it, then sure."

"Alright, I'll meet you two by the counters," he waved, and eventually left the aisle, leaving both the regional organization and the country behind.

There was a few seconds of silence between the two, and ASEAN would eventually express his feelings, which gave away a back and forth conversation between him and Thailand.

"*What the fuck.*"

"This is your fault."

"End my suffering."

"No."

5 • Chapter Five • 5

HarimauMelayu
Contact Information | Call

< | asean do you have the cat with you??

no | >
Camt talk right now, Im in a bit of a sticky situation | >
Cant, not camt | >

< | baik, let's talk later then

Okie | >

"Who was that?" the country asked to ASEAN, who was just scrolling through the messages on his keypad phone.

"Malaysia," he responded, putting the device back in his pocket. "He was wondering where the family cat went, I think. I didn't bring it home though."

"Does it- is it lost? Like- he lost it or something?" Thailand asked, trying her best to find the words to make the sentence correct.

"He didn't say, well I can't really find for answers about this right now," he remarked, then looking at the glass door to see the United Nations outside, looking around the inside of the store. He looked away a few seconds later and sighed. "Well, I hope not."

About a few minutes has passed, and they already had passed the cashier. Luckily, they didn't question them about anything regarding the amount of noodles he needed to buy, or he's probably going to get banned from the store. Felt bad for the other though- but he'll definitely understand... Right..?

As they exited the conditioned room with plastic and eco-friendly

bags on their hands, they were actually had trouble looking for the other organization for a bit, even if ASEAN was sure he was outside the glass door just earlier. After looking around the parking lot, the two of them looked at each other and shrugged in unison, before Thailand has started to speak.

"Are you sure you see him here?" She asked calmly, placing down the bags for a little bit and placed a little plastic bag filled with small items she personally bought inside her sling bag.

The Asian organization nodded in response. "If we can't find him, then we can betray him."

"Good idea, but let's not."

The two of them would then hear a faint familiar voice talking through the phone by their right, turning there he saw the UN waving at them in one arm, while talking to someone through a phone in the other. The two said in unison once more, unamused: *"There he is."*

If he's being completely honest, he actually finds the organization's car cozy-he didn't really think the actual United Nations to be fond of driving.

As soon as they left the dark, underground parking lot, both at the back seat felt that life just flashed into their eyes, or in other words-they got startled as soon as the sunlight flashed for the first few seconds. It took a while for them to get in the car earlier since the UN was interrupted by a call which slowed things a little, but as another organization who knows how his work feels like, he could pass on that.

The silence in the car was interrupted by the international organization speaking.

"Aren't you supposed to be working today, ASEAN?" he asked. "Well, it *is* a Thursday."

"There isn't anything happening lately," ASEAN responded, which

was actually the first time he spoke to him face to face without internally digging himself in a big hole.

"You're on break?"

"I just- not really."

"Understandable, we really can't take one nowadays-its a good thing I planned to take one after the activity we were supposed to do," the elder explained, then stopping the car because of a red light ahead of them.

The Asian looked at the driver's window for a quick glimpse and looked back at his window view, noticing the clouds has gotten a little more dusty than a few minutes ago. "Ours is just a little laid back than others, I do have days where I have to stay in the office for an entire day. Other than that, the day's up to me."

"Aren't you supposed to be the one supervising them?"

"Yeah, but also you kind of did assign me to take care of Timor Leste at one point."

"Mhm, how did it go?"

"Went independent at about 4 years ago. We're still on good terms."

"You still have contact with him after his independence?"

"He's an observer right now. He's trying to apply without Singapore declining him."

"To be fair, he *is* a new country."

"Brunei joined fully a few days later she got her independence from Malaysia, so I don't really get that reasoning," he shrugged, and eventually noticed the car was starting to move again.

"Hm," the other interjected while moving the car once again. "*Feels different.*"

ASEAN decided not to answer nor bring up something after that

statement of the other, but instead zone out watching the cars pass by. Quite a few right now even considering it's about lunch time, which would make a little more sense as to why the UN would be around at this period.

He had then come to notice a little droplet of water splashing towards the window, and another one slowly after, and another, until a big dash of rain has splattered across the highway. He had noticed Thailand was murmuring about the rain beside him, but didn't pay full attention and did not care about the other's thoughts about it.

He liked rain, but this feels different. Aside from being in another organization's car at this current moment, that conversation just earlier feels a little suspicious to him. He did receive and exchange letters from the UN before, but this is the first ever time he spoke with him face-to-face. This was also the first time he can recall it being out of work. Every country speculated that the UN feels a little strict towards them, and ASEAN believed in it as he grew up as one. But this is too casual to be true, or maybe the countries were right but that personality was only in the business side. Or the UN just act like this towards other organizations, which he thinks it's highly isn't the case as he and Thailand seemingly have an okay connection.

He has let that topic in his mind slide, as soon as the person driving has noticed a bunch of cars lining up into an intersection, extremely close to each other to a point where it's almost counted as a car crash. The UN punched the steering wheel handle and accidentally beeped the car, which made both the organization and the country at the back startle and gave attention. He then leaned on his back out of frustration, which also made the two at the back give confused stares.

"Was it always like this?" ASEAN asked Thailand, as quiet as possible for the driver not to hear.

Thai shrugged and raised her voice a little higher pitch, "How would I know?!"

The two would proceed to look at their respective windows and

occasionally standing up without even noticing, which the UN noticed them through the front mirror and beeped the car once again, this time intentionally, out of frustration and the position he is in. This made the two sit down even properly, and ASEAN drop his phone in his pocket to the car floor.

"Do you think this story is gonna end well for us?" the country asked.

The organization at the back picked up the dropped phone and gave eye contact. "Don't make me say it."

"ASEAN?" The other organization on the front called. "Can you grab the coat at the back, please?"

"Oh sure," he responded, eventually getting up and accidentally banged his head on the car roof. "*Ow*."

"That's the most casual 'ow' I've ever heard," the UN commented, in which made ASEAN huff while bending to grab the coat the other was asking for.

As soon as the organization at the back seat was able to locate the dark cyan coat and passed it towards the front, the country at the side eventually notices through the window. "Is that... Malaysia and... Myanmar..?"

The two froze, looking at the driver's window. The two has seemed to be arguing on the middle of the street, probably because of their own vehicles nearly crashing, in the middle of the rain. The organizations sighed in frustration.

"I don't get paid enough for this," the Asian organization muttered under his own breath.

"Finally," the other one responded, eventually wearing the long-neck coat at the front and opening the door. He also alerted ASEAN to come with him, which Thailand gave him an umbrella at that remark.

Sea would eventually grab onto the umbrella and would pass it on to the other organization at his back. The UN would eventually ask,

"You don't need it?"

He shook his head in response. The international organization just stated, "Let's just share."

06.28.22 a/n: double uplaod today bc y'all deserve it

thanks for the recent support <:)

6 • Bab Enam • 6

06.06.22 a/n: made a poll on instagram whether to not I should make Myanmar more of a masculine or a feminine, about 2/3rds said masculine so 🧢 you're welcome and I'm not sorry in advance

[text in brackets are in Malaysian in this chapter.]

He doesn't even know what was happening anymore. Had a different vibe in the morning and it literally showed today.

It was almost noon, or it probably *is* about noon. The rain has been dripping from the sky, in which he was immune to as his body is capable to survive it without catching a cold, for literally celestial reasons, gladly it wasn't as hard as a typhoon, or a cyclone/ hurricane-it was just a little weak isolated rain.

And of course, the source of the traffic itself.

The two organizations stood at the side of the two countries for a moment, in which the countries came to terms on who they were-a little shocked considering even the international organization was about to call them out and potentially sue them (figuratively), but at the same time a little confused as to how they both got into this position.

The older organization just passed over the umbrella to the younger, in which gave a questioning look as to why but decided to grab it. Eventually after, the older has started to passive-agressively approach the countries, in which the other mouthed an "oh".

ASEAN went ahead and inspected the area fully-yellow caution tapes has suddenly appeared on front of him. He doesn't know where that came from, but anything can happen in this universe, so why not. It seemed to be 2 cars nearing a crash, with one motorcycle which actually banged onto the side of a car. He has

seen that motorbike before, it was Malaysia's.

He eventually looked back at the group and eventually as peace keepers do, attempts to undo what the argument was. He didn't really bother to hear it's details, since he was too concentrated trying to figure out who owns the other car who is involved in this kind-of tragedy, until the UN called him for a little backup.

His attention diverted back at them, finally in full detail of the conversation. Myanmar, the female country who was in total shock as soon as he saw the two organizations, was being held back by the other organization, hoping that this wouldn't escalate into a fight. ASEAN sighed, he has delt with this rivalry before, in fact every meeting has at least a minute of Myanmar and Malaysia arguing for both serious and questionably stupid reasons. But since he has been with them for quite a while now, he knows it wouldn't be something near a fist fight, probably a slap, but would that last under the rain?

Speaking of, the rain has started to slowly calm down as he thought of it. Having little to no hesitation, he just shuts the umbrella and approaches Malaysia, grabbing his wrist without expressing any other emotion.

The country startled, "A- ASEAN?!"

"Listen to me," ASEAN dead-on stated on front of the country. "I know you two have been like this since- forever?!- but why on the *STREETS*?!"

"I didn't know where I was going! [I mean- the light was green! I was finding for the cat until this?!]" Malaysia expressed half-shocked, halfway speaking with English and his language on the other half.

"[You're saying that this was her fault?]" he asked in Malaysian, while looking back at the UN and Myanmar duo, who also seemed to have a mini-consultation at the other side.

"[At least the streets are- mostly empty today!]"

"[This is a national highway.]"

"Jadi?"

"*Jadi*..?" ASEAN repeated, eventually started to feel annoyed and stressed at the country, not even nothing to translate what he's saying anymore and not holding it back especially when another organization is in the other side. "You're older than me and- Malaysia, I love you-well as a friend-but *what the fuck*?! You better be thankful you haven't killed someone, but you're still going to compensate. I don't even know what's up to you two anymore."

The country backed off for a moment and responded back in Malay, "[She shouldn't speed through the lane in the first place!]"

"Well the crash isn't the problem I'm talking about, it's the- *your* behavior towards it," he exclaimed, eventually facepalming on front of the country as the rain has started to lower it's rate each second.

Silence has filled in between the two with the UN talking to Myanmar in the background and the rain finally pulling over. They're both wet with puddles scattered across the floor. Malaysia proceeded to frown and realized what damage he'd cost today- ASEAN was right.

Before trying to apologize however, the two would be having attention to the other two by the side, in which the UN started shouting at the country having such a strict tone-arguably the most aggressive the both has seen the UN for how short time. Malaysia could actually agree that his argument with ASEAN was actually a lot more calmer than *this*.

"You know that you can't speed for that fast, you know the rules!" the United Nations scolded, with Malaysia and the other spectating the argument. Definitely louder than ASEAN just a while ago, despite them knowing how calm of a voice that organization has.

Myanmar was just in clear mental panic, ASEAN can identify his member's emotions pretty easily. He felt bad, as he knows that country has been in the same position before, a lot of times. If he was Myanmar, he would most possibly just give up everything he

had right here, but knowing her, he knows she would do that. The country's palms was held on tight on his sides with head down. This was discipline, but for some reason ASEAN can identify that Myanmar couldn't hold on it anymore.

Malaysia would just divert attention back to ASEAN who was in clear, deep concern. He was one of the two countries who were both in Maphilindo and ASA, the organizations that basically shaped ASEAN in literal forms, and raised them like they're (arguably) friendly siblings. Having done this before and now it being vice versa in this situation feels a little off, but that's how organizations flow, sadly. Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines and Indonesia, with Singapore joining later on, helped converse the two organizations without knowing how to raise someone like them-in which leaded Mal to realize something he didn't think he would go this far.

His voice just started to shake. "A- ASEAN?"

The organization would respond seconds later. "Hm?"

"I'm so sorry.."

"It's fine, just make sure not to argue on the streets next time."

"*Tida*- No! It's..."

A silence between the two commenced once again. Sea has started to question more about the situation, as he asked breaking the silence: "I understand the crash and the arguing, but is there something..?"

Malaysia has started to doze off for a bit, before shaking his head once again and attempted to end the conversation. "Nothi- Nevermind."

"ASEAN!" the other organization called, fixing his coat and walking back to the car. "Let's just go, traffic's gonna deal with the rest of this."

The Asian just nodded, and waved to Malaysia with the other waving back. He walked towards the other country for a bit and

maintained eye contact. "We'll talk tonight."

He had noticed the 'I'm-so-dead' reaction from the country, and so he gave a light-hearted smile to brighten the mood for a little bit, before heading back to the car.

Opening the car door, he had noticed something peculiar by the roadside tree. It seemed to be a person who seemingly was white peeking through the tree sideways, but as soon as he looked at it, it disappeared. Strange, however it was something he didn't bother to focus on right now.

7 • အခန်းခုနစ် • 7

[text in brackets are in the language specified in the paragraph.]

"[YOU MET THE UNITED NATIONS IN A *GROCERY STORE*?!]"

Indonesia asked loudly in his own language, with pure shock in his face. ASEAN and a couple of provinces were currently organizing the kitchen, both overhearing and concentrating on what they were fixing. Lunch was over and they have been already packed with food, so it was time just to organize the groceries.

"[Yeah apparently. I'm guessing that he will appear the next time I visit there,]" the organization (half)joked in Indonesian, as he placed some frozen goods in the freezer.

"[No wonder how you got on the discussion on how Riau and Jambi saw you two outside earlier,]" Indo explained, taking a sip of his water and started to speak once more. "[I wouldn't guess that you three—with *Thailand*—would be in a car together.]"

One of the provinces just mentioned, Jambi, would give a correction, "[Actually, the both of us saw them at the crash site itself.]"

At this point, ASEAN has started to be showered in embarrassment, as he started to cover himself with the peach sweater he newly wore as his clothes were wet. Indonesia noticed his expression and eventually teased on it, "[You're going on the newspaper tomorrow.]"

The organization huffed, attempting to calm himself down and ignore his previous emotion. "[You better mark your words on that one.]"

"[Sure. Give me about a couple of money if this happens.]"

"[Currency?]"

"[Rupiah.]"

"[Fine, about one]," ASEAN shrugged, as he threw a couple of plastics inside the bin beside a counter.

The country paused for a moment, before responding, "[That doesn't amount to any-! *You suck*.]"

"[I know.]"

"[You shouldn't be alive.]"

"[Okay, a hundred. Is that okay?]" he responded with a little higher tone, as he started washing his hands. "[I need to go right now anyway.]"

"[Okay, fine. But where will you be heading?]" Indonesia asked, crossing his arms.

ASEAN closed the tap of water and wiped his hands on a nearby towel. "[We left Myanmar in such a- you know, I need to go check on him.]"

"[Again?!]" he complained. "[You know she wouldn't change, he's dragging the organization down.]"

The organization sighed; *here we go again*. He had forgotten how much Indo hated the other country as well, in fact he had forgotten a lot of people in the group hates Myanmar, well at least most of them's more of a love-hate relationship. Either way, he knows that out of anyone in the organization, Indonesia is that type of person who can beat up someone he hates with only just a punch.

Sea replied with a little cheesy tone on his voice, "[I didn't say it was *your* business, did I?]"

Indonesia deadpanned and teased, "[You're an idiot.]"

"[Just be glad I'm not under you, you signed the waivers after all]," he stated, then started to walk towards the door to the front yard.

The country catched up to him, and asked once more. "[Are you coming back for dinner tonight, though?]"

"[Probably not, I still need to fix things up back at my place]," the organization answered. He was right, he does have a place on his own he needed to clean up—but that technically wasn't his legal address. It's a full can of worms worth explaining in a separate 1-page document.

"[Okay, I'll see you until then?]" Indonesia smiled. ASEAN just smiled in a friendly manner and nodded in response, before finally heading out the big house.

The temperature today feels fairly cold, he's happy he was wearing a sweater right now. Other than that, he needs to get to the country as fast as possible, so he doesn't really have an excuse to find for a public bus and pay for it, again.

He closed his eyes for a quick moment and looked down, but then a pair of medium-sized wings sprouted from his back. Opening his eyes, he would observe gold and red feathers floating down slowly to the ground, and the cold breeze around him is making the atmosphere a little foggy.

He took off his glasses and placed it on his shirt collar, just in case he lands into an accident. It was his reading glasses after all; he is, most of the time, farsighted and didn't really rely on his glasses for this situation. He makes sure his hair wouldn't be on his face later on, and quite after, blasted off from the ground, leaving about one or two traces of feathers behind him.

He hasn't really been a big fan of flying, mostly because of one of is old identities he used to go by. In specific, ASA hated and had a fear of flying despite originally having wings, ASEAN knows the reason why but he felt that was too personal for him. However, looking at the view of this town on the afternoon with some agricultural land left and right, and towards the city with buildings he has started to see, he liked this view. It would be better if it was evening to see

them light up, but he doesn't really allow himself to fly at night due to him not seeing where he's going, and his limitations of pulling the wings out.

As he was spectating through the clouds, he had spotted a couple of people by the rooftop, they're organizing a party? Noticing who were on top, it was literally America with some of his states helping out. ASEAN has no idea why they're at the Asia section of the world, or in our real life term: country, but thinking it was a relationship he wasn't really apart of nor have an interest in it, he lets it slide and proceeded to continue searching the skies.

It was until then he started to realize that this outfit he was wearing, a light colored sweater, was an extremely bad idea for something like flying, but he can't really change that anymore. If he looked disgusting when he comes down, he is going to blame himself.

Circling around like a kid for a couple of times later, he eventually would spot the very road they met in, the crash—but there isn't anything on the road. It must've been cleared out already. It seemed like there wasn't any event happening in that specific site. He then landed on a conclusion that Myanmar probably went to her house, or probably the office since he told her he would see her later, but house is the best option first.

'*This is gonna take a while,*' he thought, but then stopped as soon as he heard a friendly courtesy beep from the road directed to him. He wasn't sure who was in the car, but then he waved back at the driver's seat before heading to the direction he remembers where Myanmar lives in.

It took him a while to finally see where the country's at—strangely outside her house. She was by a river, throwing rocks on the pond sideways to seem like to would bounce until the force couldn't hold it. He'd thought that she was probably upset about the situation earlier, which then he sighed and decided to go to the ground behind her.

He landed peacefully, then approached the other's back even in his blurry vision, starting to talk in Burmese.

"[You know you're probably going to destroy the marine life down there if you continue doing that.]"

The country turned his head sideways to come in eye contact with the organization for a second, but then turned away immediately towards the pond again. She then muttered, "Are you mad at me?"

"[If I were, then I wouldn't be here right now,]" he replied as casual as possible, but he only received a '*hmph*' as a response.

The organization would proceed to approach and sit beside the other, waving at her face for a little and asked back in half-English, "Well, are *you* mad at me? [Because it looks like it if you ask me.]"

Myanmar picked up a rock on the other side where the organization sat on and paused for a moment to answer, finally in her own language. "[I guess you can say that.]"

"[That's my fault. It was the first time I met face-to-face with the UN —naturally I wouldn't know what to do if the two of you crossed paths on front of me,]" he admitted to the country, with his wings dropping to the rocky ground at his back.

Myanmar finally gave eye contact to the other once more, as she dropped the rock she just picked up back to the ground. "[Alright, but there's just another thing that has been bothering me.]"

He curiously asked, "[What about?]"

"[I- I don't.. know...]"

Sea's expression has started to become even more thoughtful, as he made his right wing wrap the country's back and move him closer which the country went ahead and dug into it even if she was surprised by the sudden reaction. ASEAN smiled, "[If you want to tell me, just take your time. I'm not forcing you, but just tell me what you want me to know and I will give you honest advice.]"

The country just smiled at him and looked back at the lake. "[Now that you're suddenly here, things has started to become better for me.]"

"[I'm glad!]" his expression changed with the brightest he can do at this situation, with a new strategy he had remembered to brighten the mood even more. "[While we're here- If you want then we can practice football-] uhh *soccer*? [I know you love that.]"

"[We can do that!]" she exclaimed happily in response, in which the organization gave a light giggle in response.

8 • ជំពូកទីប្រាំបី • 8

06.10.22 a/n: I can't really bring everyone you all suggested provinces for this chapter sorry!! There's just so many Indonesian and Philippine provinces (I decided to do regions instead of provinces for Phil because I just realized there's like 80+ of them LMAO), so I decided to cut some of them and proceeded with some outside them two waaa, hope you all understand ;-;

Also I know some of the countries mentioned here don't celebrate such holiday mentioned in this chapter but take not Phil organized this lmaoo, plus there are some people in those countries anyway who celebrates it- hope you understand :D

07.01.22 : Terrible place to say this but I have no choice, why do good influencers have to pass away with cancer? Here's an update to cope with that including me since it felt nothing if I didn't do anything here today, I'm so sorry

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Passed a couple of weeks, it was finally the beginning of *that* month-December.

At the ASEAN building, it was tradition with Phil being the chairman of this year to pull up Christmas decorations at the beginning of December. But this year's a little different, a competition. The organization was divided into three groups, with the exception of the Philippines as he was the chairman and the event coordinator for this year. Those three groups were given time to decorate different parts of the building-Myanmar, Singapore and Thailand were assigned to decorate the front and backyard of the office, Brunei, Vietnam and Indonesia were assigned to do the welcome desks and the resource room (also known as the library), and Laos, Cambodia and Malaysia was assigned on the meeting room, the balcony and the food storage (canteen/cafeteria) area. ASEAN and the Philippines both decided to do the rest of the

building, like the lounge and the main office room where ASEAN usually is staying, and of course the garden which doesn't have to do with the "backyard" sector. Since it was a lot of decorating to do, some provinces, regions and states came to help out the countries themselves, majority of which just helped the decorations by the pair. There were a lot of lanterns involved which made the organization worry if the building gets burned down, luckily they got rid of the candles and he didn't have to bother putting it on and off.

He was at the foot of a ladder with a region with shoulder-length brown hair standing on top of it, making sure she doesn't fall down. The region was able to hang a green star lantern on the ceiling carefully, without stepping the middle section of the ladder. He noticed that the ladder was shaking due to balance, which he worried that there would be an accident on here again.

The organization said in Filipino, "[Get down, do it slowly!]"

"I'm- trying-!"

The region's expression changed to be fear, as she started to step down-but it seemed like she did it in a hurry. He immediately exclaimed in English, "No, no!- do it slowl-"

It was then at this point, the ladder was now just about off balance, and it tilted to the side which made the region fall down. ASEAN panicked, as he catched the region but then made his golden-to-red wings show up unintentionally as the force caused them to fall down by his back with his glasses slightly tilted and the province by his chest, but the organization rolled both himself and the girl to the side for the ladder to avoid to injure them both.

As the ladder hit the ground, everyone in the room was alerted by the situation and it became noisier. ASEAN sat up first on the floor with minor damage, then shaking the region to see if she was awake. Gladly she was, as he noticed her sitting up from that fall. He swiped her hair to have eye contact with her and asked, "Are you okay?"

"Didn't break a bone," she responded, as she pulled her hair tie from

her arm and tied it into a bun.

A couple of provinces and the Philippines ran towards the area of the impact, and the provinces started to ask in unison a bunch of "Are you okay?" and "Do you need some medical assistance?" in their own languages, both local and national-however the Philippines shushed them and asked them to summarize what they were asking in English.

"Sea! Central Vi! Do you two need to go to the nurse?"

"We're good," the region responded as she tightened the bun on her hair.

ASEAN responded, trying to put his glasses back on properly, and twitching his wings for a bit, "Wings and back hurts from the fall, but it's just some impact- it'll go away eventually."

As soon as he placed his glasses back on, he had noticed he saw Laos spectating them by the door nearby, most likely checking what happened. His attention however diverted back at the region that fell with him, with a genuine question.

"Are you sure you're okay? You kind of almost broke some of my ribs."

"If I haven't landed like that, I would just die right there."

"Glad you didn't."

"*Alright*!" The Philippines stated, then faced back to the provinces, regions and states that was checking on the impact. "Back to what you guys were doing, [Can someone call South Sulawesi and Mimaropa down the roof now?]"

As soon as some has started to spread out to go back to their work, one of the provinces called him and talked in Filipino; "Kuya Phil, [Sabah and BARMM are playing with the water hose again.]"

"Again?! H- I'll be there," the country stated, but turned to ASEAN and Central Visayas to help them get up from the floor. As soon as they did, he politely stated, "Please be careful next time."

The region stated in Filipino, "[Sorry, it was my fault for rushing down the ladder.]"

"Should've held onto the ladder," ASEAN confessed, as he made his wings disappear by his back, and looked back at the direction where Laos was peeking, but looked back as soon as he noticed nobody was there. "She was on her own- can someone go and help her?"

"Oh- *Capital*!" Phil called the attention of the province by the desk, fixing the Christmas decors that were destroyed and still had the potential to be fixed. "[Please watch over Central Vi for now.]"

"Again? Okay," the capital region shrugged, and returned to what she was doing. Central Visayas' eyes immediately lit up and went to the desk where she was staying.

The country poked at the organization as friendly as possible and chuckled. "It looks like I'm doing a better job than you."

"*No shit, chairman*," ASEAN teased. "I'll go check on the others, saw Cambodia looking earlier."

"Right, forgot about that," the Philippines called out. "Malaysia is still nowhere to be seen, couldn't find Indonesia in the area as well- or you said he was absent right?"

He exposed, "I love how your major concerns are Malaysia and Indonesia, Thailand's also absent."

"Oh- whatever; as long as you know."

"I do, *I see all,*" he stated as playfully suspicious as possible, but started to walk out. "See ya 'round."

The female country started tapping her pen on the table. "Do Christmas stuff have like- the color black for decorations, Laos?" she asked.

"That's Halloween."

"Wh- what's Halloween?"

"I... I don't know."

ASEAN observed the two from the doorway to the mini-cafeteria silently, but broke as soon as he called them. "Checking over! How are you two doing here?"

"Without Malaysia, I don't know what we're doing," Laos complained, as he tightened the hood stings of his jacket.

"He's a Muslim-??" Cambodia reminded, raising an eyebrow.

The organization then proceeded to ask, "Did you ask your provinces for help?"

"We thought we do the planning first before calling them, plus most of ours are currently busy, so.." Cambodia confirmed, as she tapped the pen she was holding on the table through a tune.

"What do you have so far?"

Laos spoke, while dictating and pointing to certain parts of the room, "We were planning to place something like ribbons across the top walls, and some styrofoam for snow, I don't even know what colors. What did Phil use for a color scheme at the main room?"

"Oh- he mostly used green and red."

"Christmas tree!" Cambodia dictated. "We can have like- Christmas tree at the counter."

"Oh right- he never really told us the theme so we can do whatever," the male country stated, as he wrote down those said on the paper.

"Little suggestion," the organization started talking. "You can just ditch the styrofoam and used materials to recycle for the decorations, maybe something like crumpled newspapers. I think it will turn out messy if you do it like so."

The female then placed the pen down onto the table and asked.

"The balcony?"

"You know, I was thinking of placing cotton on the balcony to make it look like snow, and then we can get Christmas lights hanging on the railing," Laos suggested. "I think we really need Malaysia for this one."

"You can call one of his provi- *states* for that one, I just saw Sabah and Johor helping out there," ASEAN suggested.

The Khmer asked, "We can do that?"

"I- *We* didn't say it's against the rules. Besides, you have about a week to finish this!" he remarked, untying his hair revealing it to be medium in length.

"Oh great," the landlocked country said, then eventually stood up. "I'll go grab them and join us."

The country left the two on the cafeteria table alone, eventually with Cambodia speaking in Khmer.

"[English is hard. I don't know why,]" she complained, then groaning onto the table. ASEAN just chuckled by that reaction before being interrupted by another country calling.

"*Excuse me?*" someone-Vietnam called by the doorway together with what seemed to be one of her provinces, with her conical hat tied along her back. "Is ASEAN here?"

The organization spoke, "Here, why so?"

"Oh! Uhh, unexpected visitor..s?" Vietnam shrugged, seemingly unsure what was happening. The province beside her was still looking at him however, showing no emotion at all.

He raised an eyebrow. "Who?"

"I..- just come, I do not even know what's happening," she stated, then fixed her own hair and made the province beside her go back to where they were. She however spoke once more before turning back, "Also, *fix your hair*."

As soon as the country left the two in the room, ASEAN immediately complained in English, slamming the table, "What does she- she hates my hair? This is like the tenth time she complained about it in the past two weeks!"

"[You look great with your hair down.]"

"*Right?!*"

Cambodia shrugged, "[This conversation is pointless. Just go to where you're supposed to go.]"

"[You two are just playing with me,]" the organization playfully groaned in Khmer, then stood up before exiting the room.

The country on the table unintentionally slammed her hand on the table and yelled through the door, "[*I'M HONEST*!]"

As soon as the organization left the canteen, he had noticed quite a crowd by the lounge area. He immediately ran towards it, and noticed they were peeking through the window. "Get back to work- screw this," he muttered, then fixing his hair towards his ear to not to be on his sight and went down to the entrance.

As soon as he opened the glass door, he saw Laos, Vietnam, Phil and...

Oh boy.

9• ບົດທີເກົ້າ • 9

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Oh boy.

His senses literally was in shock as soon as he saw two organizations; the EU and UN conversing to some of his member countries. The EU usually sends him a letter or text once he will visit his organization (but he didn't in this case), so why did he bring the United Nations with him?!

He looks around for a moment and immediately panicked as he realized. For once they did a pretty good job at decorating with a lot of garlands and Christmas lights, but other that that, he wasn't really in his formal attire. He didn't know the two of them were coming today, so he didn't come prepared. He was wearing a banana-colored hoodie with some regular pants and his hair down- *crap*. There goes his reputation in front of the UN.

EU knows how much of a dork he is in terms of formal issues, heck that's one of the reasons why he partnered with him anyway! Euro wanted to expand his circle and ASEAN was his best choice since they're almost the exact opposite and he liked that, but ohhh goodness me. If he was *that* formal, then why didn't he inform him about this sooner?!

"ASEAN?" the EU called from the mini crowd.

The countries gave way for the three organizations to see each other face to face. This gave him time to investigate what they were

wearing-both of which turns out to be wearing their long sleeves today. EU was wearing a brown jacket, and the UN was wearing the same coat he can remember during that one rainy day, however he was wearing an addition of a white leaf crown.

After investigating, ASEAN shook his head and eventually went back on topic, "*Hi*- Sorry, I didn't know you two would be here today, a lot of us are preparing for the you-kn- *Christmas* season."

"That's alright," the United Nations ensured. "It's great to see some of you working on something festive for once."

"We're just here to ask you- well more of an *interview* really," the European Union stated. "I didn't inform you yesterday about this since this is just out of the sudden."

He eyed on the European organization at first with a sharp glare before turning back to the UN. "What is it all about?"

"Since *the* UN meeting is coming up, we usually have this activity where we interview people before entering the ranks, and I almost forgot about it since I was busy," the international organization admitted. "I hope it's alright if we can do it today, I didn't have anyway to contact you directly and immediately about this and I apologize."

The Asian looked around for a moment to check for any violent reactions, instead he actually got a lighthearted nod from Laos. He smiled, looked back at the two and stated, "It's better late than never."

The United Nations smiled. "Well then, is it alright if we use your office for this?"

The Philippines started talking, "We just finished decorating his room, it's good to go."

ASEAN said, "Wait really? Alright then."

"No time to waste, then!" the older organization exaggerated, eventually pulling out a pocket watch and checking on the time. "We can get this by an hour, the we can get lunch-sounds good?"

The European finally spoke once more, "I actually have to go, central Europe is inviting me for it."

"That's alright," the international organization spoke, before placing the watch back at his pocket. "So, it's settled then."

ASEAN nodded. This isn't that bad as he'd thought it would be.

"If you want then we can put you on makeup."

"Makeup?! This isn't a television thing, it's just him taking down notes! Are you high Laos?"

"Sorry Nam, just... People don't wear makeup in interviews?"

"*What*?"

ASEAN can hear the two countries talking though the door of his office outside, every now and then chuckling about it. He then spoke through, "I'm alright!"

"You seem to have such a close relationship with your countries," the UN commented, who was sitting on ASEAN's chair, with a plate of oat cookies on top of the desk in which ASEAN baked prior to his arrival and now wearing a formal grey long sleeve. "Like the last time I met you, I know that you and Myanmar had a conversation after that accident, thought that was one thing different I've seen over other people like you."

The organization leaned his back towards the door and looked at the international organization. "Do you see that as a positive about me?"

"Of course! I can't really have a close relationship to about nearly 200 countries, it would make sense if you had with ten, or twelve counting your observers," he smiled, as he started writing about something on the paper, but maintained eye contact back at ASEAN once finished. "Which speaking of, what's your relationship with the observers? Ever since I assigned you Timor, you two seem to have a clear father-son relationship."

"I don't really consider it as a *father-son* thing," he stated, with the emphasis in finger quotation marks. "I just treat them on how I think people like them should be treated. We may have favorites, but really I don't care—we're friends and I don't think that can change anytime soon."

"Aren't there times you consider yourself bias on anything?"

"Of course, but I don't really like on opinions as much as I used to," he stated, as he sat down on the seat on front of his own desk.

The international organization lightened up, "Oh? Didn't I hear you had something big happen to you in like- your tenth anniversary?"

Strangely, ASEAN didn't speak for quite a few seconds before responding, "It was twentieth if you're talking about the organization changing, the tenth is more on the EU and America affiliation and... *Something else*."

"Something else?"

"It's more of a personal one, I'd rather skip that," he stated with a smile. This was the first time the UN saw ASEAN in the verge of a breakdown aside from being nervous, and so he decided to jump away from that topic.

The United Nations smiled, but then took a cookie from the plate on front of it and took a bite off of one, then asked him, "*Mmm*- Do you think you deserve to be recognized worldwide?"

"Yes, but no," he answered, tapping his fingers on his own desk. "I had this conversation from a while back with someone, I feel useful if I had, but I don't like to be too known for everyone. I just like doing things positively as much as I can."

"So you do like to get recognized but don't like too much of it?" The organization asked. With the other nodding, he added, "That's actually peculiar, all of the organizations I've interviewed so far has been saying they needed to be recognized until that answer."

"If you don't mind me sharing, I think it's mostly because of how people impacted us before," the regional organization stated. "I

talked to the EU on how he grew up, he stated he was forced to do everything left and right and that's how he never felt the world in a positive light most of the time. I think Phil and Thai raised *us* the exact opposite of that, I just felt like in the past people view us as overpowered or something-resulting us to... *I don't even know what I'm saying anymore*."

The international organization was in shock by that statement, eventually dropping the cookie he took a bite on the plate and told him. "I'm- that's actually a really good analogy said by someone like you- I guess you're smarter than I thought you were."

"Really?!" Sea was enlightened by that compliment. "I guess it's mostly because of my experiences with everyone I know so far."

"*Experience is the best teacher*, I'm glad you took that well," he stated, before writing back on his paper. "So, one off question and slightly unrelated to this whole organization thing, who do you consider yourself close with?"

"I told Timor Leste about this once, basically it's the story of how I grew up to be myself," the regional organization said. "Three other organizations in fact, I bet you haven't heard of them before."

"Who are they?"

"SEATO, ASA and Maphilindo, not the countries-the organization, they aren't known but they play a huge impact to my life," he said. "SEATO's like a brother figure to us, while the other two- I guess you know what happened to them if they haven't told you already."

"Oh, America told me," the United Nations said, as he picked up another cookie. "Might add he really liked your presence for some reason, probably because your personality is different unlike every other organization I've seen so far."

"Was he always that supportive of us?" he asked.

"Wait, he's looking up to you too? Either way, no," the UN stated. "I guess I can just say he's like that to a select few, I guess you included."

"I think that makes sense," he shrugged.

"Okay, I guess this is one of the questions I'm really curious about," the UN said, as he bit from the same cookie and changed the topic. "How do you think you would like to stand out, and why?"

"Well I think I already stand out, but it took me a while to realize," he stated. "But I don't really like how it's done, I guess I'm more of an organization who likes talking about culture more than everything. I find culture amazing, and for the SEA region to be a diverse area proved that. However, I think everyone stands out in any way possible."

"Hmm, guess we can speed this up now. How would you respond to the environment if you have something big, like a natural disaster or some impact from us affecting it?"

"Check what's the cause. If someone found what actually happened, then we should give away donations to those affected, or start programs to prevent the negative from happening."

"What's your regular day at work like?"

"I don't have a routine since I think that's a little, what's the right term... I feel like I'm in a circle of doing the same things all over again, but for work it's just me on here at around 8am to about 10pm depending on the situation."

"What are your partnerships like and how do you treat as such?"

"I don't rely on them 24/7, but I ask them for help if necessary most of the time, and they also help me with other things as well! I view it mostly as a bond that our organization is close with."

"Okay," the United Nations said, as he continues writing on the paper and took one last bite of the cookie he was munching on. "How do you view your members, and other countries as?"

The organization froze for a moment. "I- Uh- work-wise or the other one?"

The international organization laughed, "*What?!*"

"Okay I-" ASEAN shook his thoughts out and spoke back on topic. "I think I mostly view my member states as friends for the most part if that's what you're referring, but of course I do act like..—I don't know if this is the right term—'*a leader*', at times if needed. Towards others though, I guess it's more of a neutral point of view, unless it's something related to a partnership."

"Do you talk to them?"

"If needed, or if I want to. Talking to others actually makes me relieve stress most of the time."

The UN smiled at that answer, and proceeded to question the other even more—in which details aren't actually necessary towards this whole interview.

10 • Chương Mười • 10

"[So, how was it?]"

Vietnam asked the organization in her own language, tying a *golden ribbon* on her hands like a crochet to make it look like more of a bracelet and walking across the hallway.

"Not as bad than I thought it would be," ASEAN responded, as he finally ties his hair into an updo bun. "[I guess it's just my nature, he seemed okay with it.]"

"Where is he anyway?" She asked back in English, as she stopped and looked around, as she closed her right fist shut with the ribbon inside of it.

"He said he's going to get coffee, so he's most likely at the small cafeteria, or in the meeting room," the organization responded, shrugging. They had a lot of coffee in the cafeteria naturally, but they also have a coffee machine and biscuits section in the meeting room, so two options were viable.

"What..?" the country froze. "It's *eleven*!"

"I don't control him, neither he does to me," he remarked, with a little laugh at the end of it.

"I swear, you organizations are weird," she complained.

"I'll take that as a compliment!" ASEAN exaggerated, with Vietnam responding with a giggle.

The two finds their way to the resource room, and both eventually peeked inside the room to find only Brunei on one of the tables, seemingly sketching something on a green-colored notebook. Vietnam went in the room first, looking around the area, unamused. The organization noticed that they have slightly prepared, there was 2 boxes of decorations at the corner of the library, with some

already hung around the area.

He had noticed a change of Brunei's fashion sense, she never wore contrasted-colored clothing until now. ASEAN took note that she was wearing a purple hijab with a light blue long sleeve today, which was unusual compared to what she usually wears—she is known to wear a lot of yellow-ish color scheme.

Silence still filled the room without the Bruneian knowing the two were in the room. Breaking the silence, Vietnam asked the other country, "So, are you going to continue sketching or do what I told you?"

The small, female country startled at that voice and immediately shut her notebook violently and dropped her pencil to the ground, maintaining eye contact to Vietnam.

"You scared me! Knock next time."

"Did you do what I told you to do?"

"I already hung them!"

"Oh? But it isn't everything."

"Singapore's borrowing the ladder."

"Pfft, oh right, *you're short*."

"*Hey*!"

The organization by the doorway laughed and decided to speak, "Did Indonesia's provinces helped you out?"

"They're buying supplies for the welcome desk decors," Vietnam stated, as she took off her hat she was wearing at her back.

Brunei then noticed the organization by the door, "Oh ASEAN! I heard the UN is in the building, what was that all about?"

"Just filling up some requirements in regards to the UN partnership," he shrugged. "Also, it's almost lunch time, Thailand

delivered us food here since she's sick."

"She cooked?" the Vietnamese asked.

"Not really, she told her provinces to do it for her," the organization said. "Tried them, trust me that I say that it's still as great as her cooking."

The Muslim raised an eyebrow. "Did you eat ahead of us?!"

"No! I- I literally ate some of theirs like a couple of years ago!" the organization stuttered, then added, "Just trust me, it's good."

"Yeah but," Brunei stated, as she fixes her skirt. "There's a lot of us today, it's not going to fit the cafeteria we have."

"Don't worry about it, the provinces decided to eat in their own groups, that's no big deal," ASEAN ensured. "Just come, I think the UN will get mad at us, this will probably turn into a meeting anyway."

And that, actually aged pretty well.

Lunch was just full of inputs in regards to the next few weeks. ASEAN wasn't expecting it, but he should considering the UN is literally a world organization.

The rest of the day just feels unproductive for him. With the UN in the building, it felt like he was always being watched, and that's why he never really did anything for the rest of the day. This was one of the days he has been in the office for an entire day, which happens uncommonly in his day to day life. Mostly because he hated staying at an office for hours, but he can't really dodge that being an organization plus the UN in the premises.

A bunch of provinces, regions and states has already left the building to go and fulfill their individual duties. He doesn't have time to talk to all of them, plus the building is rather small to handle a hundred of them inside. The provinces were just out of his reach anyway, but at least some considered approaching them and

volunteer to help with other matters.

It was a foggy afternoon and the sun has started to disappear on the horizon. Having the ASEAN building right by a mountain and over a rice field really makes the view satisfying, even if he considers himself more of a beach person. Each and every second the sky started darker, the countries assigned to do the outdoor and balcony decorations couldn't wait to light up the Christmas light they hung around the building. Everyone ensured they used lights that required less electricity usage, as it was indeed one of the rules during the whole competition, and hopefully it did it well.

While looking at the view by the balcony, a bunch of countries and provinces (or states) has been heard running around the building, hearing some garlands shaking. They were playing again, which he was surprised that the UN let that behavior slide. He'd thought it's because it wasn't his building, but nonetheless that feels a little off.

He has talked to the UN left and right for files for the past afternoon. ASEAN thinks he should've stayed in his office for that duration, but he still needed to check on everyone if there aren't any accidents. Today's actually one of the rare occasions wherein everyone (or almost everyone) visits the office at the same time which isn't a meeting, mostly because at least 2 countries were usually in the building per day in normal hours. He couldn't identify if that's a positive or a negative.

A bunch of footsteps can be heard approaching from behind him, but he didn't really paid attention. He was tired, but not too tired to consider himself sleepy. Quite a few seconds later, the fairy lights around him lit up, showing green, yellow and red lights hanging on the balcony railing.

He could hear a faint *"one of them isn't lighting up!"* from Myanmar inside the building, but a bunch were cheering that it was finally on. It's funny, considering that they have started decorating today and some are almost done with the decorations and it's due next week.

He looked back towards the sound inside, but instead spotted a (wild) organization by the glass door, looking at him like something

suspicious just happened. ASEAN just sighed and looked back at the view.

The United Nations just decided to speak behind him, "ASEAN, are you usually here outside of your duties?"

It took a breezy moment until he finally answered, "Kind of."

"Are you satisfied with everything that has been happening so far?"

"Depends on what specific thing...?"

The international organization walked towards the railing beside the other, then observing the orange-red sky with a moon faintly visible at the north-west. He took the time to appreciate the view for a moment before asking: "This place seems nice, who suggested to bring up your building here?"

"I actually did," he answered, as he tapped the railing with his fingers. "We used to have an office near Indonesia's house but ever since the 30th anniversary, we transfered here. Thought this was a good place to!"

"Do you have an office by the city proper though?" the UN asked as he gripped onto the railings as hard as possible.

"Mhm, but it's only a floor. Singapore's the one managing it as it was his building," the Asian stated.

Silence filled the air between the two organizations, which isn't awkward but strange situation to be in. For some reason this was the second time they actually interacted, but ASEAN felt, different. He thinks it's mostly because he started getting used to be around the international organization, but literally everyone he knew feared him with the exception of the EU. It's probably just him, or the more he talks to the UN, the more he gets to know about him even if the questions are mostly asked by the other.

ASEAN then realized that last thought, and so he decided to pull out a question. "If you don't mind, can I ask a question?"

"Sure, what is it about?" the international organization respectively

said.

"I was just wondering, and I know this is just out of the blue but," he started, then sighed heavily and continued—"Do you think I'm doing a good job at being,- *yeah*? I don't know, I've been criticized a lot for my style in certain things."

"Well, I guess it's mostly because they haven't really seen you as much," he stated, then giving eye contact towards him. "I actually had the same opinion towards you a couple of years ago, but since Timor is in your hands, I think you're better than I expected."

"I- I feel like I didn't do anything useful for the past how many years, I don't even know how to do what I'm supposed to do properly," he complained, as he fixes his hair to not get in his way of his sight. "I feel so weird thinking that I'm possibly the only organization out there who can adjust to the countries easily and like to keep it that way."

It took a silent moment before the UN started responding, "I guess it's because people haven't seen us in our proper description."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Now tell me, what part of a bracelet you think that holds onto and helps arranges the beads for it not to fall apart and separate?" he asked, as he pulled out the little white leaf he has worn on his head.

ASEAN looked back at the UN. "...The string?"

"That's why we're here," he stated, as he flapped the leaf left and right with his right hand, but looked back at the other. "We're just doing paperwork because that's somehow their life here, we're just the people who should tie the knots in a union."

"So, do I have to do everything other organizations do to be in a higher position?"

"You can, but I think it's more natural to do it on how you wanted it to flow," he smiled, as he placed the leaf back sticking on his head.

ASEAN smiled as soon as he said that, and went to look back at the

view, which now is a little dark, but minutes passed and it became even darker. The wind felt colder than just a few minutes ago, which was acceptable as it was December. He found himself buried into the air, appreciating it as much as he could right now. The United Nations is also at about the same predicament, but seemingly more relaxed in comparison.

It wasn't long until the Asian snapped back to reality, now having an even more positive moodset around the other. That was when he decided to speak.

"I appreciate the things you have given to us so far, Uni. I didn't think you'd have a big impact on me especially since we don't really talk."

The other looked at him and gave a quick silence, then raising an eyebrow. "*Uni*?"

He genuinely asked, "You aren't okay with nicknames?"

"I just haven't been called one, for a really long time," the UN responded, as he placed one of his hands into the right pocket of his coat.

"Would you like it if I start calling you that?" he asked with his eyes clearly enlightened with the conversation.

The two maintained eye contact once more, with the UN nodding and smiling. "I'd see why not?"

ASEAN gave out a laugh for a little, then responded, "I thought you think it would be weird, by that silence."

"No! I just, really think you reminded of what I was when I was little," he stated, unecessarily moving his own hair.

The Asian didn't speak for a bit before responding, "Is that a positive?"

"Of course! I just get bothered that I ended up being look upon by everyone instead of a select people," he commented. "I'm actually jealous of you, regional organizations."

"I feel like I'm going somewhere beyond being regional if you ask me," Sea chuckled.

"Well you know, off topic but you are supposed to be the one approaching me in terms of- if you want to be in the assembly, I didn't hear anything from you so I had to inform one of your members," the United Nations stated as he looked back at the sky.

His eyes widen. "I was supposed to approach you for this matter?"

"I guess you can be an exception to that rule, it's literally in the rulebook," the international organization said, looking down at the field.

"Oh, I never really read that rulebook because I didn't have a copy," he stated, as he placed his head on his arm, which was supported by the rail.

"Well... I was just thinking that if you'd be interested in rewriting that with me, the EU and NATO soon since I think you've heard how outdated it is," the UN stated, looking back at him.

He repeated, then immediately changed his dialogue, giving eye contact once again raising his shoulders in confusion, "*Rewriting the rule*- you want *me* to rewrite it with you?"

The other organization just smiled at him. ASEAN felt speechless, he never personally had read the book since SEATO said it was damaging and outdated it is to them—but this seems a really viable opportunity. By that, ASEAN just asked, "Why did you choose me?"

"Back at the interview, you said you've experienced a lot in terms of being an organization. At that, I felt like you feel that you're interested in it, or you seemed fitting," he responded. "So, do you think you want to help?"

ASEAN turned around and leaned his back towards the rails of the balcony. "Is it fine if I take my time to answer?"

"No rush! I'm not doing it as soon as possible, so take your time with it," the older responded, but then looked back at the doorway he entered. Then eventually stated, "We should get back inside."

"I'll just follow," the Asian stated, then saw the international organization nod and walk back inside the building.

This eventually made ASEAN dig up his thoughts about this whole thing once again.

As he looked back at the glass door with countries and provinces occasionally passing by the hallway, his thoughts still landed on the UN. He'd thought that the UN hated him, but the thinks he's right. He mentioned earlier that he wasn't as bad as he thought he was or something related—and now he started pulling out an offer to help him rewrite something.

For ASEAN, it felt like it has been happening too fast. It felt like something that would happen in a short book, but he was still unsure if he was ready to take a huge step.

Didn't Phil say months ago that there were two surprises? What's the other one? Was it related to the UN as well? He hoped to find these answers this week, but this just feels like a beginning of a journey again.

But that was when he realized it will be his 40th by next year, and by that thought it would make sense. For some reason, ASEAN has a stupid luck of having something interesting happening in his life every ten years. He didn't think it's something related to being an organization, as literally every ten years it felt like a new beginning for him.

At that thought, Laos called ASEAN to go inside the building, to end off the day.

BAHAHA that second to last paragraph is so ironic to this chapter considering that this is chapter ten and this is the longest chapter I've ever written 💀 (about 2700 words)

If you're somehow still here, say figgletsticks because that's a really fun word to say

11 • Bab Sewelas • 11

(a/n: the title is actually javanese (cries) i think they have same translation as indonesian KWHCBSAJ)

"Who's going back tomorrow for the *actual* work duty?" the regional organization asked his own member states, adjusting his glasses.

Singapore spoke, "That would be me and Brunei lah."

"Can you keep the scaffolding your group placed tomorrow, or are you still going to use it?"

"I'll still use it, I need to fix something by the roof tomorrow," Myanmar stated from the back of the room.

ASEAN clapped once, "Alright then! Guess we should say our goodbyes for today!"

The clock ticks each second, leaving the short hand to land at exactly seven. Everyone at the welcome desk waved their goodbyes, even if only a few had remained in the building. The UN was watching everything that the Asian organization did and observed for almost the entire day now, that's why ASEAN was a little formal than usual.

As the countries and provinces left the building, the two organizations were left inside. This sparked another wave of silence between the two, except for the medium-sized, circular clock ticking by the wall. It wasn't too loud, but it is loud for such size.

ASEAN shuts a cabinet by the corner of the welcome room and locks it, which the UN had no idea was there as it looked like it was camouflaged. It was actually one of their mini-storage areas around the building, but this one's the cleaning locker. It's purposefully hidden to the obvious eye, they have individual lockers scattered around the building for each member and observer of the organization and it would be awkward if people see them.

The United Nations was shocked by that, knowing that there's probably even more things he didn't think they would have. It would make sense if they had those if they have been around since the 1960's, but he literally just started to talk to the organization face-to-face this year because of the unidentified social barrier between the two. Who knows what else they would have secretly?

By that thought of his, he then asked. "You aren't really open as an organization, aren't you?"

"Our union's a little more calmer in comparison to other organizations," ASEAN stated, as he held onto a wooden Asian conical hat on his hands. "Our work's mostly part-time unlike the EU's, which let them work full-time on the weekdays!"

"*Mostly part-time*?" he asked, repeating a portion of what the other just said. "How does that work?"

"We schedule about two people to be at work on each weekday. Everyone outside their assigned day can come here whenever possible though," the Asian clarified as he took off his hair tie and puts on the hat he was just holding, securing it with the garter attached on the inside of the hat.

"Do you usually come here when it's not needed?"

"Hah, depends. Most of the time I do since there's still a lot of books here I haven't read," he replied, tying his hair into a low ponytail. "Plus we recently just had the access to the internet a few months ago and most of us relied on the computers here just because of that!"

The international organization's eyes widen. "Woah, you're really behind in terms of technology. We had them at about the new century just started."

"My office, Indo's house—well, partially because it keeps breaking—and Singapore's place are the only ones who have access to the web in the Southeast Asia sector just yet. *A bit disappointing we're behind, but we trust that we're getting somewhere*," he sighed, as he leaned on the welcome desk.

"I like that energy," the UN commented, which made ASEAN's smile light up.

It took a couple more minutes before ASEAN closes the building officially, with keys locking and everything. Of course not turning off the Christmas lights just yet, that can stay on for the rest of the night until tomorrow morning. The regional organization was able to pick up some decorations on the floor which fell from the building, but decided to place them in a basement entrance behind the building, which yet again surprised the UN as he had no idea how much materials and rooms they had in this building. He wouldn't be surprised at this point if they would have a secret room inside.

Although this morning he was wearing a yellow hoodie-jacket, this time he was wearing some sort of black zip-up jacket since it felt awkward for him to wear what he was wearing a while ago, plus that needs to go to the laundry anyway. A bunch of glue has been staining the hoodie, and it would be weird if he wore the same clothes once he get out of the building. The UN's remained the same although out, but he wore the coat he came inside the building with again.

As the regional organization locked the basement door, he looked at the UN's light blue eyes—noticing that the other was amused about the places around the building they didn't think they have. Without knowing this, he questioned, "What's the matter?"

He shook his head. "What? Nothing- I was just a little surprised about how much you have."

"You clearly haven't gotten inside our library, we still have a lot more things in there, but it's getting late," ASEAN said, as he moved his own hair which was on his vision away from his sight. This was when he realized that he didn't know what would happen next or where the other go, and so he asked, with a little mutter at the end: "Are you going somewhere after this? I'm pretty sure you have a big day tomorrow like I know you always- you...- *oh my goodness I lost my grammar.*"

The United Nations laughed for a quick moment and stated, "Yeah, I

just better be going. I just thought that I could see how you end the day- well not part of the criteria for the meetings or anything *but*.."

ASEAN was then in question, and repeated, "But?"

"I think the EU already had told you this but he isn't wrong when he said, despite on how you started and grown up and how people look at you for that, you have a lot of potential people wouldn't think you would have," the international organization stated in pure genuinity, which made the regional one in awe once more.

The European Union hasn't actually told him that before, but either way he knows that would be something the EU would tell him. If he told the UN that compliment, might as well he might be on true about that.

"Thanks!" he smiled after a moment of silence, flustered, but then proceeded to something to a topic similar to what it was. "Also, I meant to ask this earlier back at the balcony, but what did you think about the cookies I baked? I spent all night and early morning on it knowing that the provinces would come today."

"*You baked them*?!" the other was left in shock. "I actually like it, oat cookies are actually my favorites out of all of the choices so I'm glad you made it that."

"*What?!* I made it oat because it's actually my favorite as well!" ASEAN exclaimed in childish joy. The two organizations later on was then left in a laugh, knowing that they finally knew they have at least one similarity with one another.

It took a few minutes later of conversing back and forth until they realized it was time to go. Back on the entrance by the street, the UN was seen finally showing his wings and spreading it out. The Asian organization was amazed as he hasn't actually seen his wings without it being on a print-out. He'd say it's definitely bigger than his own, because the UN's white wings are probably at least .5 times bigger than his.

"I guess this is goodbye for today," the UN told ASEAN as his wings fell to the ground for a moment. "I hope to see you around this

week, or during the meeting."

The Asian was obviously saddened that he would go now, which was strange. His heart always thought talking to the international organization would be a hassle for him to do, but this seems extremely chill and casual than he envisioned it to be, especially because of how he met him. He still doesn't know if it was because the UN knows how much he has been through, which frankly is a lot, and decided to go soft on him. The ride back from the car crash with Myanmar and Malaysia the last time they met him was quiet though, since the UN was in a bad mood, obviously.

With realizing he was deep into his thoughts again, he shook his head and diverted back to reality.

"Hey Uni," the regional organization called, which left the other turned back to him and raise his eyebrow. ASEAN then added with a smile, "If you need any help in terms of—well you know—Southeast Asia, or anything else really- like the cookies, I'll try to be there prepared. But really, no promises."

The United Nations looked at him in silence for a few seconds, before finally responding. "Thanks Sea. I'll keep that in mind."

The international organization took off to the night sky with his wings, which left ASEAN with a gradually falling white feather to the ground. He smiled at the sight, and left the feather on the ground as he started walking across the sidewalk all by himself.

He fixes his hat while being in the verge of the pool of his thoughts, then finally found the bus stop he was heading for, which literally just took a couple of steps. He sat on the seat that the covered shed offered, and eventually waited for a bus to stop by his area.

This eventually lead him back to his inside world of thoughts—*did he just call him Sea?*

That first thought immediately made him realize. If that's the case, then he thinks that him and the UN are officially friends. That thought feels unreal to him, they literally just officially started interacting with each other today and it somehow feels like they

have been interacting since forever. Maybe that's why the UN suddenly felt so comfortable to be with?

A bus stopped on front of him, beeping. This made him snap out of his thoughts and stood up and went inside the bus. The conductor, or the person handling payments in the bus, eventually caught up to him and ask him.

"Good evening! Where are you heading to?"

HAH you didn't expect an update here huh >:))

this was written all the way from July LMAO i just had to keep it on hold bc I was working on the asean day thing (which im finally almost done with, for gods sake that is so long AHHH)

thankyu for reading ahhsdhvxbs ily

12 • Kapitulo Dose • 12

fyi the language used for the chapter title is cebuano, a local language found in the philippines! ;)

there isn't that much dialogue in this chapter lmakaoadjahsc sory

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He was starving.

At least he was a couple of minutes away now, he has been in this public transport for about 15 minutes now and it felt like forever. It's still about eight in the evening, and for some reason it felt like he thinks that a rain will be ahead of him due to how cloudy it is tonight.

His seat was at the right window, so he has a clear vision of what pass by (with his glasses of course). A little dark, but the street lights can excuse that.

As the bus stopped and the person managing the vehicle yelled "Asia's shore", that was his queue for him to go down.

The real reason why he decided to stop by here aside from Indonesia's place was because he actually lives nearby this area. Of course his members know, but the real reason why he came here is because of a specific reason.

He went down the bus, and eventually was blocked by a metal fence. He looked down to the shore to clarify if it was low tide, and as he noticed it is and the bus finally leaves, he jumps over the fence, off the road and landed softly on his crimson shoes by the sand. There was stairs by his right where he was supposed to go down on, but he decided it's going to add much work, and so decided to risk it.

The sound of ocean waves were suddenly recognizable as he walked

to his left from where he was facing, but the thought of him being hungry nodged in his mind once again. This was then he realized he did bring one of the cookies he baked in Indonesia's house with him inside his pocket, originally going to give it to a friend. He reached out for it and took off the plastic wrapped along it. He placed his trash back in his pocket as there isn't any bins around, and munched on the food he made this morning. Surely the person whom he was supposed to give this wouldn't mind, *as he probably thinks he ate one today*.

By this, he made his red-orange halo magically appear fading into sight and lit it up for him to see his path. He rarely show his halo nowadays because he didn't like to get recognized, similar reason to his wings wherein he both show them during formal occasions. He could've used his phone flashlight during this situation, but he's afraid that the battery might ran out as the last time he checked, it's almost dead.

He navigated the sands until he finally reaches a sudden point, a *small mangrove forest*, with about 5 trees. This basically symbolized that he was near his destination.

He took a bite off his cookie and walked through the small group of trees until he finally reaches where he was supposed to go.

ASEAN always had a small cabin by this area, which is only good for him to live in. Everyone in the organization including the observers knew about this small cabin of his, they even created a creepypasta because of the mangrove trees nearby. He never really regretted living here though, this was technically his "official" place to live aside from Indonesia's, but it isn't his "legal" one, doesn't mean that it's illegal though, it's just that he couldn't list this place down in legal documents since organization rules are kind of a snitch.

He pulls out a key in his pocket and unlocked the door, turning on the lights inside the house with the solar power which Singapore helped set up. As he opened the lights, it literally felt like a normal cabin inside. There's a small living room, a bathroom, a bedroom, some desk for him to work on things, and even a storage area. It seemed like there wasn't a kitchen though, but Sea actually liked to

have one outside instead of indoors, and so it was.

As he looked around the building whilst shutting the door behind him, he looked around to check if he was broken in at first. As he realized he wasn't, he went straight to the refrigerator to grab a bunch of fruits for his dinner since he didn't feel like cooking today.

It was about 12, and he couldn't bring himself to bed. He isn't tired, well in actual terms he couldn't be tired as his abilities by being an organization eventually made him not require to sleep each night, but it felt unfair to the others if he doesn't. This time around, he literally doesn't feel like sleeping.

He was at his desk with an alcohol lantern lit up on top. He was writing something on a book and doodling little drawings in correlation to what he was writing. It was his journal he had, well technically it's his "he writes everytime he comes here" journal, and has another separate one in Indonesia's place. ASA started journaling as early as possible, and ASEAN was the one continuing that legacy. In fact, he actually have a few storage boxes around here, and a bookshelf in his room back at the other house dedicated to his and ASA's journals over the past almost 50 years.

The lantern fire kept moving back and forth, interrupting the lighting in such the slightest bit. It was frustrating to him considering he has to wear glasses, but he didn't want to turn on the light bulb as he might waste energy.

The ocean waves still could be heard from here, it was a relaxing sound he learned how to get used to in such a young age. Aside from literally having "Sea" as part of his name and his nickname, he really liked the waters and going at the shores—which actually was mostly because the other half of his supernatural abilities is dedicated to breathing underwater. When he heard there was a space where he could pull out a cabin at the shore, he was so down for it. The sea was actually visible from the window he was on, which obviously gives him a lot of inspiration.

The road was a bit further from this place gladly, so there isn't

really any vehicles passing and interrupting his time here. There have been couple instances where he had to evacuate for sure, but gladly nothing really major happened in terms of destroying the building. Well, hopefully.

After writing for quite a bit using a fountain pen, he stopped and covered the pen for his hands to relax for a bit. Although he was ambidextrous and could interchange his hands in writing things, he still preferred his left hand in terms of writing—and besides—he didn't want both of his hands to be in pain at this hour.

A random gust of wind wooshed through the window, making the dark blue curtains flow by it. He paid attention to the window for a bit and looked down. There appeared an envelope by the desk below the window, sitting there without any further context. ASEAN sighed, this was actually a regular occurrence at this cabin. The letters he was sent through the window are literally letters that he thought that are originally sent in the other house but someone decided to volunteer and send it here. He already had suspicions on who it is as he has noticed some *occasional golden feathers* that usually comes with the delivery, but other than that he's glad he had a mailman in terms of these situations.

He grabbed the envelope and looked the back of the object. He noticed that it doesn't have something written in the back, which already felt off to him. He has never seen an envelope without a name at the back before, or maybe he had but it happens really rarely and he doesn't remember. Whatever he was thinking, he decided to open it anyway.

As soon as he opened it, he was interrupted by something falling down from the outside. He got startled and reacted, "*What the-*"

Immediately, he peeked outside the square window and looked around. He noticed a piece of wood on the sandy ground not too far away from his view, and nothing else. He groaned and went back inside, closing half of the window in the process.

He looked back at the envelope and finally opened it, grabbing and unfolding the piece of paper that went along with it. A letter. With his poor eyesight and glasses, he started reading.

'Hey there! Have you doing alright? Sorry for not contacting you for a bit, I just went off somewhere today and haven't had the chance to talk to you in months, apologies.'

"Oh right, it's that dove guy," ASEAN sighed in relief quite immediately after he read it, and the stood up and opened & peeked though the window again.

Long story short, this anonymous person has been messaging him since his brother disappeared. Weird timing, but he actually considered that person his friend. They seemed quite busy though, and he never really had talked to them about his annoying life as an organization who was deemed to grow up as a country—but neither him nor that other person has been talking about their personal lives anyway. Heck, he doesn't even know who the name of that person is. Although they seemed to communicate once in a while like close friends, or "penpals" at the least.

Why dove? Their first message was delivered using a dove towards his room in Indonesia's, and overall was the animal who is assumed to give the letters between them anyway, so it's quite fitting.

This time, he had noticed some movement from the side, but noticed it was a really dark shadow this time around. '*Oh, they're still here,'* he assumed, thinking about the person who was delivering the letters recently. At that thought, he decided to call them.

"Am I able to write back? I'm pretty sure this is from a dove."

There wasn't a response from the shadow he saw, and so he decided to clarify. "You know, you don't have to reveal yourself and talk, it's just a yes or no question. I understand if you don't answer- *well*."

ASEAN noticed a movement from the shadow this time, but it was a shake from left to right. So it's a no, understandable.

Now that he thinks of it, he never really told the person who delivered this about his mini penpal thing. In fact, he never really told anyone about this, let alone some of his members. How were they able to know this was for him?

He has communicated with the person who sent letters to him this way before, like through giving food and just overall feeling like friends, but never really gave any more information. This factor actually adds up to his point where the sender is most likely from one of Indonesia's provinces (or at least had a connection with them) or one of his members. Not to mention the golden eagle stuff back there.

He sighed, "Thanks, that's all I want to know. Hope to see you soon, sorry for loosing your cookie for today."

The organization waved at the silhouette a goodbye, and went back to take his seat. He started at the letter one more time before eventually attempting to write back, hoping to give it tomorrow as soon as he finds the dove.

(update) well well well.....

uh hi

i forgot about thsi book im so so sorry 😩😩

a lotta stuff have been going on recently, I'm not working on this book anymore because the hcs are outdated and tbh this is an impromptu sort of book so idk where I'm going with this

im gonna feel bad if i discontinue this tho :((i don't want discontinued books on my wattpad profile, yet this is one of the books im happy about somehow

ive been working on a different book, a bigger one if you will, it's literally like twice or quadraple times bigger than this book is. like im literally still writing chapter four of this project and the estamated read time is already at 1 hour +. yeah that's how long it's gonna be

also idk where I'm going with this book, this book is basically if asean is an infp and has social anxiety out of the un lmao

im really sucky in terms of commitments or anything like that, and ive started to drift away from socials lately to focus on both my studies and mental health, so idk if when I'll actually do stuff with this book.

at this current moment, im actually redesigning asean's character to be different compared to the hcs majority of the people have. not that the other people suck at itz it's something i want to have uniqueness about and i hope you understand

also this book isn't canon to the GCHU anymore, liek there's some elements that are,.but not *everything* . so don't be surprised if you see a plot hole or anything

that's all, tldr ;; this book sucks and idk when ill continue it. sorry

for not updating too :)

- axy

moving to ao3

future updates to this book will be moved to ao3.

https://archiveofourown.org/works/54506902